



# ITALY 2022

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Trevi

## Bevagna

We arrived in this hilltop village in time to join the cats do their morning stalk around the town. The doves were enjoying dive-bombing the fountain in the square just inside the fortress wall. A few locals (no cameras or bags bulging with water bottles) were sitting in some shady spots at a cafe. Bevagna, like the other hilltop towns we have visited on this trip, has been here in one form or other for centuries. The random, narrow, shady streets attracted us and we wandered around for about an hour. Many buildings are joined by elevated fingers of brick that mutually support the structures. We stopped at one of those shady cafes to get a cool drink and got a call from Kelly. All is well on the home front so life is good.

Nothing to watch on the television. Everything is in Italian, including the football match commentary. Spoils the game!

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## Trevi

Because of our early start it was just after 10 by the time we left Bevagna, we studied the map and noticed a tiny town some 40 minutes away - Trevi. Off we went on back roads again, through typical olive and vine country. This area, settled since prehistoric times, has certainly been tamed. It is a heavy patchwork of splurges of olive trees (which contrast to the golden remains of harvested wheat) and rows and rows of vines. We stopped a few times at particularly picturesque spots. Like pencil pines, this rural land is quintessential Italy.

Trevi, is described, as a “slow town”. ‘Don’t expect anything laid on for tourists’ — so Lonely Planet said. It’s how we like it.

We again parked our car on the outskirts and ventured through the wall to the old town within. Like Bevagna there are public car parks that cater for the visitors who do come to visit in their droves to enjoy a stroll through the old town.

One interesting fact was that Trevi did provide the only museum we have found of particular interest so far. The first part of this museum featured pieces dug up from around the town (pottery and carvings) while the other section was all about the history of olive production in the area. This was particularly illuminating. The presentation was divided into four sections: **botany** - all about the olive tree; its place in **history** - the olive tree throughout the ages (the tree symbolises peace); community and **commercialism** - development of the olive tree in farming; and the many mechanical and chemical **extraction techniques** of olive oil over the centuries. We now know much more about virgin olive oil than before.

During the walk around the museum we came upon an attached church/chapel being used for singing/opera practice. We quietly walked in, sat in a pew and listened for a long period of time. The acoustics of this large open space proved to be spine tingling. What an uplifting experience listening to the soprano hit her high notes - and no cost.

Upon leaving the museum we continued the walk along the outer wall of the town. What expansive and beautiful views lay below us - the wide plain of the Clitunno river system. The heat inevitably started to get to us so we headed back into what we thought was the “centro.” A cool arcade beckoned where we consumed yet another ice cream to stabilise our rising body temperatures. Italy has certainly been hot.

After some local supermarket shopping we arrived back at our house to discover the electricity was out - supposedly until about 4pm. Not even a fan or a cuppa available — first world problem, I know! Italy in the heat!!

*The strong aroma of dog piss wafts around corners*



It may be rather pointed to claim this general statement - that we see less obese people in Italy than in many other countries of the world. The reasons are simple - a low fat Mediterranean diet, the steep slopes that keep everyone fit and the ubiquitous tiny vehicles you see all around - no way could you fit an overweight person into any of those tiny miniature cars!!









No room for the priest

